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SUNDAY, August 8.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. F. PARMITER.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PHILEMON MOORE, B.A.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. INDGE; 6.30, Mr. C. F. HINTON, B.A.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.
 Highgate-hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Mr. THOMAS ELLIOT.
 Ilford, High-road, 11, JOHN KINSMAN; 7, Rev. GEORGE CARTER.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W. No Morning Service during August; 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. C. ROPE, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. D. DAVIS.
 Little Portland-street Chapel. Closed. The Services will be resumed on Sunday, September 12, at University Hall, Gordon Square, W.C.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Mr. J. W. GALE; 6.30, Rev. W. S. McLAUCHLAN, M.A.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Rev. W. S. McLAUCHLAN, M.A.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, P.S.M., Mr. P. W. STANGER; 6.30, Mr. S. P. PENWARDEN.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Collegiate Hall, Worple Road, 7, Rev. W. DAVIES.
 Wood Green, Unity Church, 11, and 7, Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesca-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, E. GLYN EVANS.
 AMBLESIDE, The Old Chapel (near the Knoll), Rydal-road, 11, Rev. P. M. HIGGINSON, M.A.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel. Closed for cleaning.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH, M.A.
 CHELTENHAM, Bayshill Unitarian Church, Royal Well Place, 11 and 7, Rev. J. FISHER JONES.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 noon.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND, B.A.
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 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.
 SHEFFIELD, Channing Hall, 11 and 6.30, Mr. LEONARD SHORT.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. A. PAYNE.
 TAVISTOCK, Abbey Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. RATTENBURY HODGES.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
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A Weekly Journal of Liberal Religious Life and Thought.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE important open letter to Sir Edward Grey on the policy of repression in Russia, which we print in another column, is excellent in its combination of courtesy and strong feeling. The long list of signatures of men of eminence removes it entirely from the sphere of party manifestos. It succeeds in putting into words, with force and dignity, the reasons for the coldness and reserve, the complete absence of popular enthusiasm, with which the Tsar has been welcomed to our shores. Friendship between two great nations is no longer simply a matter of Foreign Office diplomacy or dynastic relationships. It cannot be engineered into existence unless it has the moral force of the democracy behind it. "The infliction of such wrongs upon Russians, and the indignation which they excite among ourselves, are," as this letter reminds us, "relevant and important factors in our mutual relations."

* * *

WE print to-day an article of exceptional interest from *The Universalist Leader* on "American Public Opinion and the Negro Problem." We do so not because we wish to endorse it or adopt it in all respects as our own; on many of the points which it raises we are not competent to form a judgment, without living in the atmosphere in which the problem is acute. It is significant as an attempt to analyse and explain an important movement of American social thought, and to give positive content to the old doctrine of abstract human rights by the newer conception of worth to the democracy. Its suggestiveness in relation to our own race problem in South Africa will be obvious, without further comment, to many of our readers.

* * *

THE Home Secretary introduced a Bill on Wednesday night "to consolidate, amend and extend the Shops Regulation Acts, 1892 to 1902"; in other words, he promised a charter of deliverance to the over-worked shop-assistent. This reform

has long been demanded by the shop-assistants' unions in order to make the conditions of employment more healthy and enduring. The failure to secure the requisite minimum of leisure by means of local and voluntary effort made it clear long ago, to those who have taken an interest in the question, that legislation is the only remedy. "We propose," said Mr. Gladstone, "to bring in a Bill which will change the custom and habit of the people, and lead them to study more than they do the comfort and convenience of those who serve them. We do not propose to interfere with economic hours—that is to say, those occupied in profitable business. We interfere to prevent the waste of time, money, and health of both employers and employed. No trade will be hindered. No trade can be diverted to the foreigner. We seek by the intervention of the State—the only possible agency—to promote national efficiency." Speaking in round numbers, the Bill affects a million shop-assistants and over half-a-million shop-owners.

* * *

A FIRST glance at the proposals of the Government shows that a real attempt has been made to combine uniformity of principle with local custom and convenience. The Bill seeks to effect its main purpose; firstly, by restricting the hours of shop-assistants; secondly, by compulsory closing of shops on Sundays; thirdly, by the provision of a weekly half-holiday; and, fourthly, by early closing at the option of the local authority on the lines of the present Act, which will be materially simplified. It is to apply to the whole country excepting rural parishes with a population of less than 1,000. The first part deals with the hours of employment in shops. Shop-assistants are not to be employed for more than 60 hours per week, exclusive of meals, nor after 8 p.m. on more than three days in a week. The occupier of every shop is to fix, firstly, the time at which employment begins and ceases; secondly, when employment is provided in spells of work, the time at which these spells begin and end. These times are to be specified clearly in a notice which is to be affixed in every shop. Meal-

times are provided according to a scale in the schedule of the Bill, and those meal-times are also to be specified in the notice which is affixed in the shop. Over-time is allowed for two hours a day on not more than 30 days in the year.

* * *

THE second part of the Bill deals with the closing of shops. In the first place it is provided that there shall be one weekly half-holiday for every shop, with a certain few specified exceptions. Every shop is to close not later than two o'clock on one day every week. The day is to be fixed by the local authority, who will have three options. First, the local authority may fix different days for different classes of shops in its area, or, secondly, it may fix different days for different parts of its area, or, thirdly, it may fix alternative days, subject to certain divisions. If it fixes no day, the occupier of a shop in the district is to select the day for himself, and that day is to be specified in the notice to be put up in the shop. Special provisions are made for holiday resorts and bank and public holidays. The third part of the Bill provides that shops shall close on Sundays. There is, of course, no intention of proceeding further with it during the present session of Parliament. It has been introduced in order to promote discussion of its provisions throughout the country, in the hope that its principles, the more they are studied, may win almost unanimous support.

* * *

THE report of the Inter-departmental Committee on Partial Exemption from School Attendance was issued on Tuesday. It recommends the total abolition of partial exemption from school attendance (what is known as the half-time system) from a date not earlier than June 1, 1911; the abolition of total exemption under the age of thirteen; and exemption at that age shall be granted only for the purposes of beneficial or necessary employment. The proposals to abolish half-time employment will affect about 20,000 children in Lancashire and over 10,000 in Yorkshire. The report goes very fully into the reasons for this far-reaching change. It

admits that there is still a preponderance of feeling in favour of the system amongst the operative classes immediately concerned, but the leaders are against it, and a prejudice in its favour, based upon short-sighted views of economic advantage cannot be allowed to interfere any longer with a reform, which is demanded in the interests alike of physical, moral, and educational efficiency.

* * *

In this connection it is pleasant to record the favourable attitude of the annual Conference of the United Textile Factory Workers' Association, held in Manchester last week. After a full discussion of the child-labour question the following resolution, admirable both in temper and aim, was passed:—

"That this Conference respectfully appeals to all parents to make some sacrifice in the interest of the physical and educational attainments of the children, and it further urges upon all organisations affiliated to this Association the importance of discussing at their general meetings this question of child labour with the view of educating our members in favour of increasing the age to thirteen years, and hereby instructs the Legislative Council to hold meetings for the furtherance of forthcoming legislation."

* * *

In strange and appalling contrast to these signs of social and educational advance is the picture of the condition of Irish primary schools, which was presented to the members of the British Medical Association in Belfast. According to the President, Sir William Whitla, every function of the child was depressed and every organ starved and stunted in its development by the polluted air of the schools, so that their death-rate in Ireland from tuberculosis was a standing disgrace. Probably in no country in Europe is the problem of physical deterioration so grave as in Ireland, and the provision for healthy school life so hopelessly inadequate. What is required as a first step is a system of stringent medical inspection, a real control of the schools through the local authority, which at present does not exist, and a much more generous supply of money to improve the position of the teachers and to provide adequate buildings and equipment.

* * *

We learn with much pleasure that the resolution adopted at the meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association held at Essex Hall on July 14, testifying to the warm appreciation of the welcome given in Germany to the President, Mr. John Harrison, and the representatives of other churches, and conveying cordial greetings of brotherhood and goodwill, has been very cordially acknowledged by Dr. Spieker of Berlin. The resolution has been translated and published in the German newspapers. Dr. Spieker expresses the hope that it will add to the strengthening of friendly feelings between the two nations. Copies of the report of the proceedings at Essex Hall were applied for, and forwarded to Germany, a kind of international exchange of which we cannot have too much.

EDITORIAL ARTICLES.

THE RELIGION OF TENNYSON.

It has become fashionable in some quarters to disparage the influence of TENNYSON. He has suffered from the partial eclipse in favour, which follows so quickly the great days of popularity and acceptance. Other problems than those with which he dealt have pushed themselves to the front; other voices, many of them insignificant enough, except in their capacity for making a noise, have begun to claim our attention. In his case, too, the clearness of his message, and the timeless perfection of his art, have helped to separate him from a generation so self-conscious about its difficulties as our own. We are thinking here, chiefly, of the religion of TENNYSON, the wrestling with doubt, the answer of experience, the distinct personal attitude towards Christian faith and the objects of its veneration, which are interwoven with the texture of so much of his poetry. If he did not make fresh discoveries and bring back the fruit of daring experiments, "voyaging through dim seas of thought alone," if he formed no party, and left no watchword, he accomplished something at least as difficult and of incalculable value, as a diffusive influence. He gave a new spiritual atmosphere to the religion of ordinary men; he quickened it with his own ideals of breadth and charity; and he turned it inwards from the world of dogma and tradition to the deep trusts and instincts of the soul.

In all this TENNYSON had much in common with the Broad Church school. The same influences helped to mould his faith, and he has been described as in a pre-eminent degree its poet. But this is only very partially true. His religion is of a kind that refuses to be classified, and he would have shared FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE's intense dislike of labels. He is a distinctly religious poet, but it is not in the sense in which we apply the term to the author of the "Christian Year." He has no ecclesiastical position to defend; and there is no organised religious movement to which he wishes to lend himself as its interpreter. In spite of his unusual mental alertness to new impressions he retains all that is most fundamental, both in the thought and emotion of English religion, GOD who is eternal Life and Love, JESUS CHRIST, and Immortality. To him they are all-sufficing, simple, luminous, self-evident. We might illustrate their dominant power over his imagination from his poetry through almost its entire range; but the personal confessions and the *obiter dicta* of his biography express them with even greater plainness. GOD to him was the beginning and the end of all things. "Take away belief in the self-conscious personality of GOD," he said, "and you take away the backbone of the

world. "If GOD were to withdraw Himself for one single instant from this Universe everything would vanish into nothingness." But at the same time he was deeply conscious of the mystery of GOD and the inadequacy of human speech, in this respect showing his kinship with the great Catholic mystics. "I dare hardly name His Name," he would say. "O thou Infinite, Amen." was a form of prayer which seemed sometimes the best satisfaction for his need. This was a tendency which grew stronger in his later years; the sense of vastness, of "a height that is higher" increased till words sank baffled into silence. It is a lesson not unneeded by the glib volubility and the commonplace intimacy of a great deal of English religion.

TENNYSON never formulated his attitude towards JESUS CHRIST in precise terms, and he was averse to doing so. He had an intense love for the Sermon on the Mount and the parables, "perfection beyond compare" he called them. He found the evidence for Christianity not in miracles, but in the character and person of CHRIST, and the close correspondence of his teaching and principles with the deepest needs of the soul. The spiritual character of CHRIST was to him more wonderful than the greatest miracle. "I am always amazed," he said, "when I read the New Testament, at the splendour of CHRIST's purity and holiness and at his infinite pity." He saw that Christianity cannot be separated from CHRIST, and be reduced to a system of abstract principles, for it is its personal appeal which gives it its religious power. "Christianity with its divine morality, but without the central figure of CHRIST, the Son of Man, would become cold, and it is fatal for religion to lose its warmth." In the future of Christianity he had a profound faith. He was fond of DEAN STANLEY's saying, "So far from being effete, Christianity is not yet developed." Forms of Christian thought and worship might alter, but the spirit of CHRIST would grow from more to more,

"Till each man find his own in all men's good,

And all men work in noble brotherhood."

"This is one of my meanings," he tells us, "of 'Ring in the CHRIST that is to be': when Christianity without bigotry will triumph, when the controversies of creeds shall have vanished."

"The cardinal point of Christianity is the life after death," this was TENNYSON's special message. It is as the poet of immortality that he will be remembered, most gratefully by many people. The religious power of "In Memoriam" consists in this, that it is not merely a beautiful resetting of old truths, but the authentic voice of a fresh experience. TENNYSON's confidence in immortality does not depend upon testimony, but, as in

the case of many other profoundly religious men, it has its roots in his faith in the love of God, the need of the human soul, and the reasonableness of the world. "If you allow a God," he reasoned, "and God allows the strong instinct and universal yearning for another life, surely that is in a measure a presumption of its truth. We cannot give up the mighty hopes that make us men." His own beliefs about the future state did not admit of definition. He trusted that the whole human race was to live eternally, anything else would have been a contradiction of all that he meant by God; and he rested, drawing dream-pictures of heaven, without in the confidence that we should all be gathered up somehow "into the all-absorbing love of God, into a state infinitely higher than we can now conceive of."

TENNYSON was deeply convinced that the spiritual is the real, and that it is also the true and real part of every man. His poetry is steeped in this conception, and all his imaginative treatment of life and love depends upon it. A beautiful reverence for human nature is at the heart of all he wrote. He realised that we get our faith in God from what is highest in ourselves. He confessed that he himself believed, not from what he saw in Nature, but from what he found in Man. It is only the central truth of Christianity stated in another form. However far we may go in search of God in order to explain the riddle of the Universe, it is the human heart that can tell us most. The facts of conscience and spiritual affection, the great hopes and prophesies of the soul, the impossibility of living our life or understanding human gladness or human tears apart from God, these things are the living scriptures of experience written in our own hearts. When the discipline of life or the word of some teacher has taught us to decipher their meaning, we shall find the surest anchorage for our faith in God's revelation of Himself as Immortal Love, "believing where we cannot prove." Many thinkers have helped to impress this truth upon the mind of our age, but TENNYSON above all others has done it through the medium of poetic vision. It is the legacy of his poetry to the religion of the future.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE AND SPIRITUAL HEALTH.

It is a remarkable feature of the New Testament that, springing as it did out of an over-powering enthusiasm, it is conspicuous among religious writings for its sanity, both of thought and feeling. It deals with the actual conditions of life, and with men as they live in this world. No one can accuse it of being either morbid or sentimental in its spirituality. In no direction is this seen more clearly than in the reverence for the body, which

is insisted upon so frequently as a Christian duty in its teaching. The Gospels are full of it. St. Paul is even more explicit. There is no trace of the various forms of asceticism which come later, the attempt to glorify disease and pain and the slow killing of the flesh as means to a superior holiness. We find, instead, a new and tender feeling of respect for the soul's partner, the body, the flesh which CHRIST had glorified by his life and sufferings, which, for every man, was a temple of the Holy Spirit. There was, of course, in this sentiment, no trace of the Greek feeling for physical perfection and beauty of form as supremely good in themselves. Still less was there any sympathy with the idea, so familiar to us now, of the soul enmeshed in tyrannous physical conditions, from which it cannot escape. The New Testament has no responsibility for our modern doctrine of physical fatalism, or our weak and enervating excuses for self-indulgence. Its teaching is always that life is supreme in its authority over the instruments which life uses. It admits that bodily exercise has some profitableness in it; but the body exists for the soul and not the soul for the body.

It is, perhaps, difficult for us to think ourselves back into this attitude of mind, so simple and so clear-sighted. If an apostle were writing now to a young man, full of youthful ardour, just embarking upon a career, he would probably repeat many of the things which were written to Timothy, but he would devote more space to practical advice on the need for rest and recreation and of maintaining the physical tone which imparts zest and freshness to work. We have almost abandoned the traditional Christian anxiety for the soul in order that we may lay an equivalent stress upon the care of the body. To us physical conditions are matters of absorbing interest. At every point we can trace the dependence of life upon its environment. Low health results in morbid thoughts. Nervous exhaustion undermines self-control. Inherited deformity or disease brings its entail of moral weakness. These facts are pressed on our attention so constantly, that we come to believe them through the mere force of repetition, and to accept them, not with all the exceptions and limitations duly set down, but in a sort of absolute way, as though we had accounted for sin and moral failure simply by noting certain antecedent physical conditions. Given healthy bodies, so the argument runs, and there will be healthy minds. Attend carefully to physical training and the result will be noble men and women. In this way we get our modern gospel of health and physical culture, often with a really noble motive behind it, but with the seeds of pernicious heresy lurking in its heart.

There is no need to enlarge upon the growing influence of these ideas in education. The problem that confronts us, if only we could bring ourselves to look at things in their right proportion, is not one of physical exercise but of spiritual health. The well-knit body is a poor reward for all our efforts unless it is the dwelling-place of the generous and disciplined soul. The athletic atmosphere of our public schools, the encouragement that is given to boys to live in a small world of sport, the tendency to regard health and physical culture as the things to which everything else must be subordinated in education, these things must be watched very carefully, if we do not want the rising generation to grow up with the frankly pagan belief, that it is bodily exercise which is profitable for all things. The belief that to despise the body is to save the soul, has gone beyond recall. Are we any closer to the real facts of life, when the soul becomes in its turn the neglected factor, and the body claims all our attention and care?

In a recent letter in the *Times*, SIR LAUDER BRUNTON gave a serious warning of the dangers of overstrain arising from our fashionable and often thoughtless devotion to athletics. The warning was repeated and emphasised at the meeting of the British Medical Association in Belfast. We hope that it will receive the public attention it deserves, for other and higher reasons than those with which the medical profession is specially concerned. A generation devoted to the pursuit of its own physical well-being is running risks of spiritual deterioration of the gravest possible kind. The Christian philosophy of health is to take simple and reasonable care, and then to forget all about it in devotion to the real ends of living.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

TENNYSON.

August 6, 1809: August 6, 1909.

By EDGAR I. FRIPP.

THOSE of us who were growing into consciousness, ethical and literary, in the "seventies" and "eighties," remember well the books of poems issued from time to time, latterly in their familiar green cover, of our famous laureate. His reputation was then enormous. No contemporary poet for an instant questioned his supremacy. He stood alone, in his art as in his life, in stately majesty, honoured and wealthy, the friend of the Queen, to be seen very rarely, a tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested Englishman, dark-featured and distinguished, an Englishman to the heart and soul of him notwithstanding his foreign complexion, English and aristocratic, yet liberal, with a willingness in certain directions for reform, kindly, gentle to the poor, deeply religious, the poet of the home and of marriage, and, with Browning, of immortality.

Only one thing irritated us. It was the time of the beginnings of Collectivism. Ruskin's social teaching was taking root. Many of us were reading "Progress and Poverty." And the Tennyson of former days, the Tennyson who had been poor, who had groaned and suffered, and wished himself dead, who had burned with indignation against the "pheasant-lords" of England, the author of "Maud" and "Locksley Hall," was no more. Not that change of circumstance had changed his nature. Tennyson was always the same in character. But it was inconsistent with the new ideals and sympathies that a poet should be associated with broad lands and royalty, with cultured ease and undisturbed dignity. Had a poet any business to be so calm and secure when bitter miseries were making themselves heard, and gross injustices revealed themselves on every side?

Tennyson was not a Gladstone. He did not grow more liberal as he grew older. He did not advance with the times, at any rate in democratic sympathy. But he had not Gladstone's temperament, Gladstone's restlessness with political and social wrong. He had not the Celt in him. He lacked the touch of recklessness for righteousness, the touch of daredevil for justice which so often characterises the Irishman, the Welshman, and the Scot—as he lacked also the wild and exuberant playfulness which the Celtic spirit often gives.

Tennyson's temper is still something of a mystery. That the Norseman was in him need not be doubted. The name, Tennyson, belongs to a Danish district on the coasts of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. But whence had he, and his brothers and sisters with a single exception, the features which gave the impression of French or Italian? From a Huguenot ancestor, it is suggested. More probably from a much older stock. The fens on the east, as well as the mountains of the west, were the refuge of that strange "gypsy" or Iberian race which, while it has left no literature, has bequeathed dark eyes and locks, and poetic feeling to large numbers both of Celts and Saxons. The blood of the Vikings, and the blood of the maidens of lands they conquered about the mouths of the Humber and the Trent mingled, we may believe, in the English veins of Tennyson, and contributed not a little to the strength, and the tenderness, the darkness and the depth of his mind.

Fitzgerald, whose judgments were sometimes as penetrating as at others they were obtuse, said that "Alfred should never have left Lincolnshire." All that was great in him appears in work done under the influence of his native county—his love of the sea, of the wolds, of mills and streams, the village people, and their quiet homes, children and friends, the Arthur-*tales*, his sense of the holiness of sexual love, his mysticism, his passionate yearning for immortality. What later came from him at Aldworth or in the Isle of Wight was a development of these native elements.

His range was not wide compared with Browning's—though it was vastly more extensive than that of Wordsworth. He had not the former's splendid dramatic gifts. But the men and women whom

he drew are done to perfection. The miller and his daughter, Enoch Arden, Dora, the Northern cobbler and farmer, the bereaved wife and heartbroken mother, the dying girl, Enid and Elaine, Lancelot and Guinevere, Galahad and Arthur are repeated again and again; but they lived in the imagination of the English people, and will live. For if Tennyson had not the breadth of Browning, he was as deep as Browning—as deep in attachment if not deeper, and certainly deeper than his brother-poet in simplicity and transparency, in his human fear and wavering, in his sense of the peril to love and faith at the hands of scepticism, in his subtle insight into the lights and shades of conscience.

Tennyson was insular; he had the prejudices of the English character; he was unjust to France, had none of Byron's interest in Greece, or Browning's in Italy. He was rarely out of England, never happy out of England, always glad to return to England. And England he loved with undying affection—her landscape and seascape, her meadows and clouds and dew, her cliffs and caves, her people, her ways, her fleet, her constitution, almost everything English. His language is remarkably English, in its purity and directness. Lines consisting of words of one syllable abound—are as numerous as in Marlowe. Words of Latin and French origin are comparatively few. The proportion of homely Saxon is probably greater than in Shakespeare. He needs no commentator. A Shakespeare or Browning Society is pardonable. A Tennyson Society is unpardonable. His power of terse and concentrated expression is unsurpassed. He could tell in a score of lines with unmistakable clearness what other good writers could not express in double the number. How familiar is brevity like this—

She bow'd down,
And wept in secret; and the reapers
reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was
dark.

His versification also is English—it is full of fine and delicate alliteration, is at its best as blank verse, and is true to the old laws of stress. Some of his greatest lyrics are in blank verse, with perhaps a refrain in the stanzas. His ear for rhyme is excelled by his ear for rhythm, for subtle cadences, for splendid vowel effects. The last characteristic is frequent, and at times superb, as in the trumpet-song in the "Coming of Arthur," with its clashing chorus of battle-axe and sword; or as in Tristram's song, as light as air, with a deep thought at the bottom of it—

Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the
brier!
A star in Heaven, a star within the
mere!
Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire,
And One was far apart, and one was
near:
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the
grass!
And one was water, and One star was
fire,
And One will ever shine—and one will
pass.
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the
mere.

Within these English borders, English in subject and style, the feeling is often tragic in its intensity. "Maud" is the one love-poem to be mentioned with "Romeo and Juliet." Situations and incidents in some of the poems are worthy of Shakespeare—such as Enoch's return to his home; the wife in "Sea Dreams," who turns, *with one hand left*, from the afflicted husband to the cradle; Elaine's love and Lancelot's remorse; Guinevere's flight. And the lyrics are often deeply and passionately touching. The songs in the "Princess"—"As through the land," "Sweet and low," "Home they brought her warrior dead," "Ask me no more"—will live long after the poem they adorn like jewels is forgotten. They are of the nature of his own pure love, in happiness and sorrow. He said "I would pluck my hand from a man even if he were my greatest hero or dearest friend if he wronged a woman, or told her a lie." Hence the lofty note of chivalry in the lines—

Love one maiden only, cleave to her
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they win her; for indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable
words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame
And love of truth, and all that makes a
man.

After a long engagement he married. The peace of God, he said, came into his life before the altar. And then came the grief of the death at birth of his first child, and this affecting entry: "Dead as he was I felt proud of him. To-day when I write this down the remembrance of it rather overcomes me; but I am glad that I have seen him. Dear little nameless one, that hast lived though thou hast never breathed, I, thy father, love thee and weep over thee, though thou hast no place in the Universe. Who knows? It may be that thou hast. God's will be done."

Religion occupies a prominent position in his writings, as in Browning's. It is difficult to overestimate our indebtedness to them on this account. For fifty years the two great poets of England were profoundly religious men. Both were Christian, and liberal in their Christianity. Both believed in the soul and in free-will. With them, as with Martineau, a philosophy was to be estimated by its ability to explain the "miracle" of personality and freedom—in Tennyson's words—

"The miracle that thou art,
With power on thine own act and on
the world."

Justice has not been done to the spiritual conceptions underlying the "Idylls of the King." While it is, doubtless, true that the stories of Malory have occasionally suffered woefully through the exigencies of allegory, the poet's thought, and magnificent mystical passages, more than atone for the injury. Again and again a living soul breathes through the flesh and blood of the old tales. The concluding idyll, the "Morte d'Arthur," gains immeasur-

ably as symbol. They who think otherwise shall be as "the Parson," who

"Sent to sleep with sound
And waked with silence, grunted Good!
but we
Sat rapt."

But better than these, better than all, absolutely matchless of their kind, are stanzas in "In Memoriam," and lyrics like "Break, break, break," and "Tears, idle tears." All the depth of the poet's strong nature wells up in these immortal pieces, uttering, with an unforgettable music, his and ours and all men's passionate protest against the limitations of our earthly existence, of life against death, and love against oblivion. Not even the great dirge in "Cymbeline" exceeds these stanzas—

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair

Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,

And thinking of the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd

In lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;

O death in life, the days that are no more!

THE SUPER-TRAMP.

It was about a year ago that Mr. Bernard Shaw introduced me to the super-tramp. The introduction was a purely literary one, for I have no personal acquaintance with either. It came about through a remarkable volume entitled "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," to which the brilliant playwright contributed a characteristic preface. It is no wonder that one reviewer with an over-developed sense of responsibility said that this book ought to be read by every adult too old and respectable to turn beggar; or that Mr. Bernard Shaw himself should make the contrite confession—the nearest approach, probably, he has ever made to expressing a sense of sin—that the "effect of this book on me is to make me realise what a slave of convention I have been all my life. . . . I feel I have been duped out of my natural liberty." I suppose everyone who has not been so far disinherited by civilisation as to be utterly destitute of saving savagery is a tramp at heart. That is the best thing left in some of us. A few remaining drops of gipsy blood keep us alive to the miracles and surprises of this strange world. We are curious to peer into its mysteries, to thrust ourselves deep into the thick of its forests and pitch our tents in its unsuspected glades. But civilisation, the senile nurse, tricks us at last and tames our divine barbarism. We have to abandon the habit of sleeping out under the stars, crossing the mountains by midnight when the storm is abroad, and caravanning on strange new roads. The spirit of the town quietly slips invisible gyves and fetters over our limbs, and so velvety soft

is the operation that ere we find ourselves young men we are already fast harnessed to the mills that grind flour for our bread. Shades of the prison house close us in, day by day the oppression deepens and the perpetual doing of the same thing makes drudges of us all. And have we not rebelled in our hearts and cried: Oh that I were as in the months of old, as in the days when Wonder lighted my eyes. Have we not half vowed to break with this insipid and enslaving life, to become jolly vagabonds halting at cheerful inns and sleeping under fragrant haystacks and supping regally on hedge-hogs finely roasted, caked in clay? Who has ever swung along the silent road all through the night, passing the camp-fire of a couple of tramps and responding (a little timidly) to the cheery "Good-night" that breaks the pervading wizardry without seriously asking whether the game of progress is worth while?

Well, let him read the autobiography of the super-tramp. It will cure him of his moonshine madness and teach him that that there is something to be said for the illusions of respectable society after all. Here is a tramp who gives us the actual business of begging, stealing, drinking in all its fascinating realism and forbidding squalor. People who are sentimentally stage-struck should go behind the scenes and see an actor, a real male man, "making up" amid disgusting messes of paint, powder, dyes and fag-ends of cigarettes, in a room half scullery and half chemist's shop. And people who wish to go on the road should learn from a genuine tramp what it is like to run almost hourly risks of disease, robbery, violence and murder. It makes uncommonly good reading, but it is hardly possible to conceive more sordid and repulsive living. As Pegeen Mike says in Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," there is a great gap between a gallous story and a dirty deed. The gaiety of vagrancy is humdrum wretchedness compared with the decent joys of the respectable poor. But whatever we may think of the deeds—and they seem to me on the whole more un-moral than immoral—here is a gallous story. The very sensationalism of Mr. W. H. Davies's tramp-life consists in its cold-blooded uneventfulness. When he has an exciting thing to describe, such as the loss of his foot when he tried to "beat" an American express and failed, he must tell it casually as a trivial incident in the middle of a chapter and with the unconcern of a farrier telling how the dear rector's bay mare shed her hoof; and that is just how he gives us a "turn" that sickens.

No, there is no risk of this extraordinary autobiography corrupting the youth. If I had a friend intoxicated by "Lavengro" and "Aylwin" and "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," I should sober him with a long draught from Mr. Davies's soda-water syphon. It is refreshing, it sparkles and effervesces, but it cannot inebriate. Yet to speak of it as sparkling is to mislead, because it suggests the artificial glitter of the conscious literary craftsman. But the super-tramp is nothing if not matter-of-fact. His subdued manner arrests by its startling quietness. His vocabulary is ordinary, his diction common-

place, his grammar sometimes incorrect, but every word, every sentence, is drawn straight from a sincere experience. There is no heightening or colouring for effect, and the very absence of effort produces an astonishing precision and strength of literary art. Mr. Bernard Shaw says truly that the book "is worth reading by literary experts for its style alone." It is still better worth reading for the amazing interest of its matter. He takes us all over the world and into just those corners of existence which the most enterprising experience-hunter never penetrates. A lady-journalist told me some time ago of her adventures as an amateur tramp in casual wards, as a prisoner "doing time," and as a destitute unemployed looking for a job by day and sleeping in lodging-houses by night. She was a "special commissioner" for a newspaper which published her experiences as tramp and as prisoner, but it drew the line at her lodging-house life. In the opinion of the editor her manuscript was unprintable, and it was handed over to the police. Mr. Davies also tells us of lodging-houses in his own way, but these are men's, not single women's. His description of doss-house types is alternately amusing and pathetic. We pass quickly from irresistible laughter to poignant tragedy. We mix on board ship with cattle-men who are, as a rule, great thieves. We enter the gaols where the tramps have a good time. We ride fast trans-continental trains, but without going through the inconvenient formality of getting a ticket. Now and again there is an account of an unknown man found dead on the railroad track. The tramp understands the mystery of this "accident," which the newspapers leave unsolved. It is merely a case of jumping off an express at full speed instead of waiting to be shot down by the conductor's revolver. In the season we go berry-picking, still in America. It sounds almost as interesting and romantic as the hay-making in the meadows of the Upper Thames in "News from Nowhere." But it really means intolerable heat, sun-stroke and deadly snake-bites. Coming back to the Old Country we have a peep at the Charity Organisation Society from the outside, and somehow it is not quite the same view as we have when sitting on Decision Committees. We go out peddling and learn a good deal about the exacting art of "gridling," which consists of hymn-singing in the street. "All you have to do," said an old hand to Mr. Davies, "is to pick up the coppers. I ask you to do no more, except," he added, grinning rather unpleasantly, "except to see we are not picked up by the coppers." After a successful initiation into this thriving industry, the expert sees danger, and cries "Quick march." Then he proceeds at leisure to correct the errors of the tyro. "Friend," he began, "before we commence again, let me give you a word or two of advice. First of all you sing in too lusty a voice, as though you were well fed and in good health; secondly, you are in too much of a hurry to move on, and would get out of people's hearing before they have time to be affected. Try to sing in a weaker voice; draw out the easy, low notes to a greater length and cut the difficult high notes short, as though you

had spasms in the side." But Mr. Davies had had enough of chanting, and sought his lodging-house. The truth is that he has seen everything in the wide wonder-world of vagabondage and pedlary. He has left it all and apparently without much regret. Out of it he has brought the most vividly human book of modern times. He is a poet of unquestionable genius, the author of three delightful little volumes of verse acclaimed with a chorus of praise by critics of established reputation. Doubtless the reader has come across his work in the *Nation*. He seems at last to have settled down to the simple life in a retired cottage. Whether he still goes tramping sometimes, I do not know. If he stays at home now that he has had the extreme good fortune to lose a foot, he is displaying a reckless disregard of an immense asset in beggary. He has mixed up with some unpleasant people, but he himself is a wholesome and unworldly personality whom it is a joy to discover. He has given us the most spontaneously original, simple and sincere poetry of our day. Of this I hope to speak on another occasion.

J. M. L. T.

SHORTHAND.

LAST autumn quite a number of students entered the shorthand class. I did not imagine that the class would therefore be a success, for I know something of the uncertainties of a technical school, as on former occasions many of the pupils seemed to be mere children, who would probably soon grow tired of such an exacting study, and I thought some of the older ones were beginning too late in life. Besides, how could I expect the class to succeed? It had been fixed for choir-practice night. The singing and the shorthand would proceed simultaneously in adjoining rooms—surely to the disadvantage of the shorthand.

The practical, clear-headed mistress—in her heart a shorthand enthusiast—is always quite calm and hopeful about her classes. She knows she has the power to teach, if only the pupils will give their minds to the business, and allow themselves to be infected just a little by her zeal. I was relieved to find she had no objection to the singing—she said, on the contrary, that she rather liked it—but I could scarcely believe her.

We are very proud of this mistress. She gained her shorthand training in our technical school. She joined that first shorthand class many years ago, when the school had just been started, modestly in a cottage where we had discovered a rather large upper room. At that time, shorthand was a new thing in the village; the class had been asked for, and we expected a fair attendance. But the rapid and enormous growth of the class, obliging the inspector to turn us out of the cottage and to send us across the street to the big school, was due to the master. He was a reporter on the staff of the local radical paper. In those days, as now, radicals dreamt ardent and beautiful dreams. Did this man fancy that the newly-established technical classes might perhaps help a little towards the realisation of those dreams? His face was white and strenuous, and he taught shorthand with rapture.

His pupils worked as if under a kind of spell. He lent cherished volumes to the best pupils; and on Sundays we looked at them with great respect, as they read the service from bibles and prayer-books written in phonography.

We have almost come to the end of the school year. The shorthand class has been once more a success, the pupils have not fallen away from it, they have been well-behaved and industrious. "And Miss Grey does keep the boys in such good order"—this from a demure and very small girl who attends the class.

I recently visited the school and sat through one of the shorthand lessons. I had not been there long when my attention was caught by sounds on the other side of the wooden partition which separates the two schoolrooms—the choirboys were assembling for their practice. They began with scales, each new scale commencing a semitone above the last. As the pitch rose I found myself awaiting the upper notes in anxious suspense; but I need not have been troubled—the boys' voices were fresh and sweet, and they gave out the high notes easily. Chants and psalms followed. I could only hear the tunes through the partition; but to them my mind fitted the words—of self-abasement and supplication, of praise and resignation. Afterwards, the hymns. What was that stately music? Is it then so near Whitsuntide? Yes, the shorthand classes are nearly over and the spring is well advanced.

"Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight:
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace."

All this time the shorthand students worked steadily on, and Miss Grey continued her patient explanations. I no longer wonder that she is not disturbed by the choir practice; indeed, it must inspire her. And, of course, the boys are orderly—the shorthand class must seem to them a little like a religious service.

I think it is rather delightful that, in our school, shorthand still enters the minds of the students associated with emotions foreign to its nature. Even as those pioneer pupils learnt from the newspaper reporter a shorthand which was coloured by his enthusiasm, and used Bibles in which the symbols of Pitman borrowed dignity from the great words and sentences they farmed.

FRIENDSHIP WITH RUSSIA.

IMPORTANT MEMORIAL TO SIR EDWARD GREY.

THE following letter has been addressed to Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on the initiative of the Russian Parliamentary Committee:—

"Sir,—We trust we shall not be thought wanting in satisfaction at the abatement, we may hope the complete disappearance, of Imperial rivalries which have long disturbed the relations between Russia and the United Kingdom if we call your attention to certain facts which tend to make that satisfaction imperfect.

"We do so because we wish to complete the development of that friendly regard between the two nations, which is impeded by the continued existence of evils that

cannot be overlooked. We know, indeed, how slow has been our own progress in the past, and how many points in our present condition are open to independent criticism. We are conscious of the difficulties that attend all reforms, and we desire that no feeling of impatience should cause us to withhold our sympathy from every sincere attempt to promote good government among a friendly people.

"It is in no spirit of ungenerous remonstrance that we are constrained to observe that for four years a system of repression has been maintained in Russia, which has not relaxed its severity, though the evidences of any organised revolutionary movement have dwindled and disappeared. There has recently been an announcement of some relaxation in particular districts, but the greater portion of the Empire remains, in time of peace, under some form of martial law. The number of capital sentences on civilians for the period between October, 1905 and December, 1908, has reached 4,002, and the number of executions was officially stated to be 2,118. These sentences were passed, moreover, not by ordinary civil process, but by exceptional military courts. The number of persons in exile in Siberia and Northern Russia, mostly punished without trial by administrative process, under a system of exile which involves much physical suffering and privation, was officially reckoned in October last at 74,000.

"The number of persons exiled without trial under administrative decree cannot be realised without a serious protest, but the evidence which has reached us through the Press, from trustworthy witnesses, and above all from the reports of the debates in the Duma, has persuaded us that the sufferings of those who remain in prison, justify, nay, require, stronger remonstrance. Over 180,000 persons—a total which has more than doubled since 1905—criminals and political offenders, are crowded together in prisons built to hold 107,000. In most of these prisons epidemic diseases, and especially typhus, are prevalent; the sick and the whole lie together; their fetters even in cases of fever are not removed. In some prisons the warders systematically beat and maltreat the sick and the whole alike. There is also evidence of more deliberate tortures, employed to punish the defiant or to extract confession from the suspect.

"Such excesses would move our indignation were all the victims ordinary criminals. We desire to base our protest on the ground of simple humanity, but it is none the less important to remember that many of these prisoners, if guilty at all, are suffering for acts or words which in any constitutional country would be lawful or even praiseworthy.

"Our object in addressing you is to draw your attention to these facts and to place on record the impression which we have formed of them. That no direct intervention is possible we fully realise, nor do we wish to enlarge the area of international controversy. But there are probably means by which a friendly Government may exert an influence to ameliorate the lot of those who are suffering under the evils which we have described. The infliction of such wrongs upon Russians, and the indignation which they excite,

among ourselves, are relevant and important factors in our mutual relations, of which the two Governments should be fully informed."

Among the two hundred signatories are :

Clergy.—The Bishops of Birmingham and Hereford, the Deans of Worcester, Durham, and Hereford, Canons Barnett and Scott Holland, the Rev. Doctors Clifford, Rendel Harris, Horton, Grattan Guinness, Scott Lidgett, and Alex. McLaren.

Peers.—Lord Armitstead, Lord Courtney of Penwith, Earl Russell.

Members of Parliament.—Mr. Thomas Burt, Sir W. Brampton Gurdon, Sir W. Foster, Mr. G. P. Gooch, Mr. A. Henderson, Sir George Kekewich, Mr. J. A. Murray MacDonald, Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. M. Morrell, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, Mr. A. Ponsonby, Mr. D. J. Shackleton, Sir T. H. Roberts, Mr. Henry Vivian, Mr. J. Wedgwood, Sir Geo. White, Sir J. H. Yoxall, and 56 others.

Authors.—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, Fredk. Harrison, J. A. Hobson, H. W. Nevins, Eden Phillpotts, A. Sutro, G. M. Trevelyan, William Watson, Sidney Webb, I. Zangwill, and Bertrand Russell.

Editors.—Sir P. W. Bunting (*Contemporary Review*), A. G. Gardiner (*Daily News*), F. M. Hueffer (*English Review*), Ernest Parke (*Morning Leader*), Sir Edward Russell (*Liverpool Post*), and H. W. Massingham (*Nation*).

Professors.—E. G. Browne, J. Estlin Carpenter, Oliver Elton, Patrick Geddes, L. T. Hobhouse, Sir Oliver Lodge, Wm. Osler, and 20 others.

Justices of the Peace, &c.—E. W. Brooks, Colonel Sir Fredk. Cardew, Joseph Fels, Sir H. G. Fordham, Sir F. G. P. Lely, Sir A. L. Leon, Joshua Rowntree, Sir Edmund Verney, R. Spence Watson, and Sir Wm. Wedderburn.

QUESTIONS AT ISSUE.

AMERICAN PUBLIC OPINION AND THE NEGRO PROBLEM.*

Not long ago a speaker from Georgia, who was addressing a literary circle at a popular summer assembly, congratulated his audience with the statement that it is evident that the people of the Northern States are coming to the position of the people of the Southern States concerning the treatment of the negro, and the whole negro problem. The speaker had just defended the lynching of negroes, and had excused the barbarities so often practised upon the miserable victims of the mobs. A careful reading of newspapers does indicate, in spots, a tendency to excuse those who, under the terrible excitement resulting from a horrible crime, wreak vengeance upon some suspected inhuman brute. So far as these explanations can be made a basis for generalisations about the modification of public opinion, there is some ground for the speaker's congratulations. Outside of New England the mob spirit seems to increase. Outrages against women are more and more answered by savage reprisals. But this is not a question

of race. It involves no change of opinion concerning the negro problem. He who infers from the fact that Northern and Western mobs sometimes indulge in the brutal crime of lynching, that therefore public opinion in the North has changed concerning the treatment of negroes as a race is profoundly mistaken.

The people of the North have learned or are learning some things. They are learning that emancipation has not done all that was anticipated. They are learning that it is a slow and painful process to develop freedmen into intelligent citizens. They are learning that race pride is a mighty power amongst white folks. They are wondering if it would not have been better to withhold the vote and hedge it about with conditions which might have been incentives to industry and education. They are learning to sympathise with the South as it bends under its vast burden of ignorance and poverty. They do begin to understand the temptation of a self-respecting man to return the criminal assaults of women with a shot or rope or torch.

The people of the North are growing into a larger time-sense in matters of racial development. They are waiting for the generation to pass in which rankles the bitter memories of the reconstruction period with all of its unwise haste. With more open mind they are hoping that gradually the people of the South will be able to work out their great problem in their own way, with ultimate justice to all, and with wide regards for the best interests of the white race and the black race and the nation as well. All of these things and more are maturing in the mind and conscience of that Northern people, who are children of Abolitionists and Union men and women. So far as one may legitimately draw, from these conditions, inferences as to a modified attitude towards the negro problem, the change is certainly going on in the North.

For behind all the history of the last half century in America there has developed a conviction among all thinking people that, regardless of race or colour, it is a preposterous idea to undertake by statute or constitutional amendment a complete reversal of the social, political and economic conditions which have developed during centuries. Nor is it less preposterous to undertake to put in political control a mass of human ignorance and inexperience. The people of the North are gaining courage to confess their blunders in trying to accomplish in a generation what can be achieved only after centuries of progress. They hoped to emancipate the negro and endow him with political power offhand. They only succeeded in filling him with a foolish conceit and in furnishing a ready-made instrument of designing men for corrupting the States and debauching civil government. The people of the North have their political sins to answer for, and some of them, and some of the best of them, would put on sack-cloth and ashes as a sign of their regret, if these would do. It will not harm them to confess. It is but justice to the North and South to remember that none of us are guiltless from the political sins of the last fifty years. We are all involved in the consequences. It behoves us all to wait patiently and work

diligently for a solution of the troublesome social, economic and political problems left to us from the generations who argued and fought and died over these things. Patience, patience, is the word. Sympathy is the supreme need. Let us remember that time is the great miracle worker, and that our magnificent and growing national unity is a power which in the end no section and no class can successfully resist.

We are writing from the point of view of a Yankee behind whom is two hundred and fifty years of New England heredity. We have made many visits to the South. We have spent months at a time among the people there. We have our decided convictions of public opinion there as the result of these visits. They cover a period of twenty years. They range over many States. They include all classes. They are crowned with the highest regard for the people of the South. We would not willingly utter one word to their discredit. In many ways the people of the North may learn from them.

But our purpose here is not to review public opinion in the South. It is to interpret public opinion in the North. And we are very sure that the time is ripe for restating that public opinion. For there is danger that because of silence we shall be misunderstood. During the weeks just past, while an acute situation, involving the gravest race issues, has existed in a great State, we have not read one single newspaper analysis of a public opinion which we find on every street corner, and among every group of men where the matter is up for discussion. If our ears do not deceive us, and if our powers of interpretation have not gone astray, the situation is as here described.

Whatever modifications in public opinion concerning race problems have taken place, they have not touched the fundamental convictions on which our American political consciousness rests. The nation has no thought of going backward. Propositions to cancel any amendment to the constitution concerning race are not taken seriously. Democratic ideals will not balk at class or colour. The word white will not be written into our fundamental law. The Ship of State holds true to her course, with many a lurch. We are going toward equality before the law. There is no desire for social equality. In sex relations race and colour are lines of permanent difference, growing rather than lessening in many places.

As families we must learn to live apart. But in politics and industry we must live side by side and deal justly with one another. In the end every effort to take from or deny to a race or class the absolute right to take the place in commerce or government to which by ability its individuals are entitled, is at war with the spirit of our liberty and equality. In the interest of all these rights of ability must be maintained for each. The real enemy of the plain man everywhere is the one who seeks some other rule than ability for placing men. Favouritism is a curse, whether based on birth or race or skin. Out of it have grown all the evils of aristocracy. He who denies another class the right to take the place its merit wins may find to-morrow that his own class has been robbed of its rights. The tragic reign of

* Reprinted from the *Universalist Leader* of July 17 and 24.

Caste, under which India lies prostrate, was born of this blunder. He who strives to give another man the place his merit wins makes for himself the place which his merit entitles him to.

All over the North labour is making a mighty effort to establish its independence and solidarity. At every turn it has had this problem of an inferior race or class. Industry after industry has been depopulated of its American blood. Multitudes of intelligent citizens whose standards of life were those of civilised men have been driven from their places by the cheap and ignorant labour of those who could exist in hovels, on the meanest fare. The workmen of the North have learned after bitter experience that wherever there is a mass of ignorant, "cheap" labour below them they are at its mercy in every pinch. Therefore the marvellous growth of organisation among these more ignorant folk. And this work of organisation has been done by the Powderlys, the Mitchells, and other intelligent, patriotic Americans. They have found that, in order to save themselves from the debased competition of ignorance, they must lift the ignorant toward their own level.

This is the sentiment which any man can hear in labour circles and on the streets in the North. To illustrate it, and to reveal how vitally it affects the whole negro race problem as that has been illustrated during recent weeks, listen to these words spoken to us by one of the officers of one of the most powerful labour unions in America. The remarks refer to the Georgia railroad strike:—

"If they expect us to support any movement which aims to substitute colour for efficiency and seniority, they will be mistaken. If they ignore efficiency because of race, they will hurt themselves in the end. If they succeed in reducing competent workmen to a lower grade, they will make of these competent workmen a menace against themselves when they try to better their own condition. Ability must rule. Any other principle will wreck any business, debase any class, destroy efficiency and corrupt labour. Any leader who tries to build up an aristocracy of labour based on any other rule than merit, is an enemy of those he professes to serve. The only safe, sound, permanent way of keeping the negro out of the engine cab is to provide a more competent white man for the job."

This democracy of worth is elemental in our civilisation. In the end it will prevail.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

THE LEGACY OF FATHER TYRRELL.

SIR,—Amid all that has been written since his lamented decease on the life and work of the late Father Tyrrell, it is remarkable that one aspect of his teaching, and that a vital and essential aspect, has been almost, if not completely overlooked. Those who had the great privilege of coming in contact with him, never failed to realise not only his profound spirituality, his

subtlety, and power of intellect, but also his intense sympathy with the fears and hopes, the sufferings and aspirations of the toiling millions, who are now awakening to self-consciousness and stirring at the breath of the new spirit. In perhaps the most moving portion as it seemed to one listener of his exquisitely beautiful address by the graveside at Storrington, the Abbé Brémond touched on this feature of Tyrrell's thought in words which may be of some interest here although they were omitted by the *Times* and other daily papers and even by the *Manchester Guardian*, which reproduced the remainder of the address verbatim.

"Before leaving him, will you allow me to address him a last farewell in the name of his many French, Italian, and German friends, saying which I mean, indeed, the learned ones who had found comfort in his writings, and who were devoted to him, although they might not have agreed with all he said; but I mean, also, and quite as much, the simple people whom he knew when living with me in Florence or in Brittany, and who loved him at once? Although he kept nearly silent when amongst them, he divined with his quick Irish sense what their meaning was, and they, on their side, felt by a sort of instinct that he was both a big man and a man of God. I wanted to say this, because, although his special message was to the educated, his constant and tender care for the 'little ones' of Christ, and the ignorant, hungry millions seems to me to have been one of his essential characteristics."

Moreover, those who had an opportunity of discussing Modernism with Father Tyrrell will remember that for him, as he was wont tersely to put it in private conversation, it was an attempt to induce the Church "to absorb science and democracy." It is this latter aspect of the movement, of which Tyrrell was the most distinguished representative, that is causing many at the present day, for whom the mere intellectual shedding of once venerable beliefs by itself brings little satisfaction to turn their eyes with hope and sympathy to the modernism, which recognises the necessity for religion of a corporate life, and which, unlike many sections of the Church, has discovered democracy. So long as liberal religion confines itself, as many would wish it to confine itself, to the work of theological reconstruction, many will be content to march under its banner. But should it add thereto what to Modernists and those who are in general sympathy with them is a vital portion of the reform which they have in view, the task of assimilating democracy in its fullest sense, not a few who probably consider themselves to be in the van of the army of progress will cry halt. To sweep away dead traditions is a duty, but to attack vested interests, often diabolically alive, upon however unrighteous foundations they may be based, savours of revolution. Theological change is all very well, but social change—either not at all or only many years after it is due.

At the moment liberal religion in England is sufficiently willing to accept scientific methods and results in theology. Dare it, to use Tyrrell's phrase, absorb a thorough-going democracy?

London, August 5. R. P. FARLEY.

GUILDS OF HELP.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the article on the Guilds of Help which you publish in your issue of July 31.

May I draw the attention of your readers to the fact, which perhaps may not be known to them, that the Anglican Church does very much the same kind of work through her band of district visitors belonging to each parish. I gather from the aforesaid article that the object of the Guild is to furnish a "friend" for those in need—that also is the object that the district visitor has in view, and I would suggest, to avoid overlapping, that before a Guild of Help is started in a parish, inquiries should be made as to the work already being done on the lines suggested. I can speak from personal experience as a district visitor for many years of the work which has been done in my own parish. Every street has a district visitor and every house in that street is visited regularly irrespective of the religious views of the inhabitants. The district visitor is known to all the dwellers in her district, her only object in visiting them is that she may be a "friend" to them. I can speak from personal experience too of the wife of the drunkard who appeals to the district visitor to speak to her husband, as she is the only person who can influence him. There are many houses where the district visitor is welcome, not only in sorrow but, perhaps what is valued more highly, to share in their joy, which is a sure mark of a real friend.

I think that it is not generally known to those outside her communion of the systematic work which the Church is doing in supplying the friend in need of which the Guild of Help speaks so warmly.

A. M. BUTTERWORTH.

West Kirby, August 2.

LYDGATE SCHOOL: APPEAL.

SIR,—You were good enough to print in a recent issue an appeal on behalf of the funds for a new school at Lydgate. Will you allow me now to thank those friends who kindly responded to that appeal; and to say that we are very grateful that those donations, together with the result of the bazaar, have brought out total amount to £776. Seeing, however, that the estimate for the new school is £1,050, we still need £274.

£300 of our £776 is promised by the Yorkshire Union, the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and Sir Richard Stapley, on condition that we raise the rest; which we shall not be able to claim until the £274 has been raised.

When our isolated country situation is considered, it will be understood that we stand in a very difficult position. The congregation, which consists almost entirely of mill workers, has been working for more than six years for the purpose of this new school, and seems to have exhausted its resources.

May I then ask our liberal sympathisers kindly to help us just now with some generous contributions?

LUCKING TAVENER.

Lydgate Parsonage, New Mill,
Huddersfield.

We are asked to convey the following intimation to our readers: It will save

Essex Hall correspondents some anxiety if they will bear in mind that communications requiring the decision of the Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association will now have to wait for an official reply until the holiday season is over. The secretary will be in attendance daily as usual, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., until August 16. During the four weeks following that date he may be found wandering among the glens and mountains of the North of Scotland.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

STUDIES IN POETRY.*

THE nine essays contained in this volume are the literary recreations of a scholar. For this reason they will appeal chiefly to readers with similar tastes, who care more for an atmosphere of wide and fastidious culture than for brilliant writing or disturbing flashes of original insight. Mr. Warren does not take us into the confessional of his own experience. He is faithful to the traditions of an objective criticism, and reveals what poetry has said to him only with the strictest reserve. In other words, it is the book of a student rather than a lover, and instead of the lover's rhapsody and vision we find the student's balance and leisurely appreciation. We do not mean to disparage it on that account. It is a good corrective of our too violent subjectivity in criticism, and it is refreshing to find that the old type of literary essay can still be so interesting.

The volume opens with a long essay on Sophocles and the Greek genius, in which Mr. Warren seems to rise to the height of a personal enthusiasm more surely than elsewhere. The closing passage is not only stately and beautiful in itself, it also reveals his critical faculty at its best. "The real Greek type," he writes, "is Sophocles. And it is in his drama that the real secret and the real success of Greek tragedy are to be found. It is this that has made him the touchstone of the critics, of Aristophanes and Aristotle, of Lessing and Goethe, of Fitzgerald and Arnold and Mackail. If, then, the world were ever to give up Greek as a part of the general culture of its most cultivated minds, the greatest treasure it would lose is Sophocles, and for this reason. He is the least translatable, the least imitable, the most Greek of the Greeks. The romance of Homer, the histories of Herodotus and Thucydides, the great thoughts of Plato and Aristotle, would survive and affect mankind, as indeed they have ere now done, even at second-hand. Some equivalent to the effect of Æschylus might be found in the Book of Job or the Hebrew prophets; something of the fire of Aristophanes, of the sweetness of Theocritus, might still be reproduced and preserved. The realism, the neurotic sentimentalism, the emphasis, the rhetoric, which mingle with the dazzling allurements of Euripides—these are elements less necessary to the modern world, which possesses enough of them already. But the sage sanity, the sculpturesque severity of Sophocles, the

just blending of philosophy and passion, thought and expression, wedded like soul and body in a form of breathing, sentient, mobile beauty—this only Sophocles can give, and only Sophocles in his own incomparable tongue."

The essay on Matthew Arnold is too exclusively a picture of a *vie manquée*. It is on the whole a good criticism of his limitations, especially in his aloofness from popular sympathies and his "smiling academic irony." But we should like more of Arnold the poet and less of Arnold the inspector of schools and the hammerer of the Philistines, especially in a volume consecrated to poetry.

At the present moment the three essays which deal with Tennyson and his art are of particular interest. The titles of two of them "Virgil and Tennyson," and "Tennyson and Dante," betray at once the scholar's love for the bypaths of learning. The third, on "In Memoriam" after fifty years," comes closer to universal human interests. Mr. Warren draws an elaborate series of parallels between Virgil and Tennyson, the imperial and patriotic strain in both of them, the combination of the love of nature with scientific curiosity, their wide popularity inviting both adulation and disparagement, the charge of plagiarism which was brought against both of them, and the fastidious scholarship, the love for the "golden phrase," which was equally marked in the Latin and the English poet. It is easy to exaggerate similarities of this kind and to discover parallels simply because we are engaged in looking for them. But Mr. Warren does not lose his balance in trying to prove a case, and his essay has distinct value as a mine of rich suggestion, which he has worked with even greater success than his predecessors. Tennyson and Dante is a less fruitful theme. A mind so richly cultivated as that of Tennyson was necessarily dependent upon the great literature of the past; but in all the essential qualities of his mind and art his difference from Dante strikes us more forcibly than his indebtedness. And here we may observe that Tennyson was in some respects the least Italian of recent English poets. The great events of Italian history, through which he lived, did not fire his imagination, and he wrote no poetry, almost delirious with the music of freedom, like "Songs before Sunrise" or the pæan of "A Song of Italy."

The last essay in this volume deals with "In Memoriam" and its commentators, and the notes which came from Tennyson's own hand. Mr. Warren quotes the fine tribute of Henry Sidgwick to its religious influence over a mind naturally prone to scepticism like his own; but he is not rash enough to infer that it can continue to exercise precisely the same spell over minds perplexed, almost to despair, by the doubts and difficulties of our own day. Poetry of this kind has a contemporary value which cannot be repeated. It cannot be quite the same, especially in its form of religious appeal, to two generations. It is something like the change, Mr. Warren reminds us, between youth and age in our own individual experience. "A very tender and touching passage," he writes, "in the life of the late Archbishop

Benson describes his reading 'In Memoriam' with his children. He contrasts his own intense personal feeling about it with his children's merely literary appreciation. He had taught them to love it, and they loved it, as poetry. But his own feeling was something different. 'In Memoriam,' he says, 'was inexpressibly dear to me for the best part of my life. It came out just when my mother's sister died. I sank in it and rose with it. They loved it as I did, but they were quite unconscious of the passionate and absorbing interest with which it had gone with me through the valley of the shadow of death.'" This is finely perceived and pathetically true. And yet how much remains, untouched by the devouring years, its exquisite word pictures, its association with the most sacred intimacies of friendship, and above all, its revelation, in this so closely akin to the experience of the Christian soul, of the transfiguration of a personal and limited affection into "vaster passion."

Behold I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

SIR RANDAL CREMER AND ARBITRATION.*

CREMER was a progressive thinker and worker, a strenuous advocate of land nationalisation, of old age pensions, of trades union organisation, free speech, religious equality, public libraries, and of what is generally understood as municipal socialism, but the main activity of his life was the effort to substitute arbitration for war as the means of settling international disputes. He felt and taught that the interests of the workers of all countries were the same, that wars, armaments, conscription laid heavy burdens on them all; and he was very successful in organising them and their expression of opinions, so as to bring about a good understanding among the peoples of the European nations and of America.

Mr. Howard Evans has written what is a history of the Peace and Arbitration Movement even more than it is a life of Cremer. With the highest journalistic ability he gives reports of conferences and meetings, picking out the most memorable passages of speeches and printing the most significant resolutions and appeals. Seldom do we find a series of reports of conferences and banquets and international visits set out in so interesting a manner.

From the first "International" working men's association to the succession of conferences of the Interparliamentary Union, we see the growth of the movement in practical politics. The story of the Workmen's Peace Association, which became the International Arbitration League with Cremer as its secretary, is clearly told. The references to Henry Richards in the early part of the book bring us near to a fine, noble, steady influence for good.

The action of the peace advocates in averting, or trying to avert, wars, and the long series of efforts culminating in the various arbitration treaties of recent years, are dwelt upon with satisfaction, as also the establishment of The Hague Tribunal, which is recognised as a great gain, although not yet so effective as some had hoped.

* "Sir Randal Cremer: His Life and Work." By Howard Evans. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.

* "Essays of Poets and Poetry Ancient and Modern." By T. Herbert Warren, D.C.L. (London: John Murray. Pp. vi, 328. 10s. 6d. net.)

Throughout the story one recognises the development of international goodwill among the organised artisans of various countries as the most powerful influence for peace. As Cremer said, it rested with the workers eventually to decide whether there should or should not be war and warlike preparations.

The aim of Cremer and his associates was well put by Victor Hugo, when president of a congress in Paris in 1849, in the early days of the international movement:—

"A day will come when you, France—you, Russia—you, Italy—you, England—you, Germany—all of you, nations on the continent, will, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, be blended in a superiority, and constitute a European fraternity just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, have been blended into France. A day will come when the only battlefield will be the market opened to commerce, and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bombshells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the venerable arbitration of a great sovereign senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France."

Cremer's own career is closely connected with the arbitration movement, but the glimpses given of his private life reveal a strong and sturdy character, struggling in youth with poverty, doing skilled work in London at sixpence an hour, risking that meagre livelihood by joining in the movement to reduce the hours of work in the building trade to nine, loving country rambles with his wife, and sorely missing her companionship when she died, somewhat of a recluse and lonely, living at his office in later years, yet accessible to friends, and when the Nobel Prize of £7,000 was allotted to him, handing it all over and other money besides to the furtherance of the main object of his life, thus returning considerably more than he had ever received in payment for his services as secretary of the Arbitration League. P. P.

A STUDY OF THE IDYLLS.

CRITICISM in the grand sense, like that of Mr. Stopford Brooke, appeals to none so much as to the lovers of that poetry which is its theme. Learning, imagination, sympathy, insight, wielded by a master of words, play over it like spring sunbeams over a loved form and face. They renew and heighten an old delight, and add a new one. But the real devotee turns with loathing from guide-book criticism. "Sunset hues may frequently be observed, late in the day, spread over the lower region of the sky in a direction which may be roughly described as the West—that is to say, not far from the point at which the sun is said, in popular language, to set. They are often very striking, and sometimes exquisitely graded. The epithets 'mystic' and 'splendid' are justly evoked by this natural phenomenon." This kind of talk about "In Memoriam" or Wordsworth's Odes has been written, printed and sold in abundance, until many of us can hardly be induced to open any book about modern poetry.

The ban, however, which we lay upon guide-book criticism ought not to extend to work of another sort, namely, missionary criticism. An excellent specimen of missionary criticism is Mr. Fox's little book on Tennyson's Idylls.* Its aim is to awaken, wherever it lies dormant, the power to enjoy good poetry, and to beautify the soul by its use. The name of the publishers implies that this is intended especially as a class-book for the Sunday school. While it is admirably adapted for this purpose, it is also worth buying by anybody who feels that his faculty of literary appreciation is not yet fully developed—anybody who would fain take delight in poetry, but has not yet learned to understand that joy. Mr. Fox does not, like the guide-book writers, inform us what things we ought to admire, but takes the better course of setting his readers face to face with things excellent.

After a brief but good biographical note, we have short essays on six of the poems: The Coning, Lynette, Enid, The Grail, Guinevere, The Passing. In each case the story is told quite simply in prose, with here and there a link supplied by the verse. These bits of music are never forced into place—they come naturally in our way, and are of a sort to haunt and charm. Mr. Fox contrives throughout the series to impress us with the feeling that all this is happening to-day: Lancelot, Geraint and Gareth are alive; the Grail is still a quest for all knightly souls; we may love the highest, if we will, with the pure love that prevails, or with the divided heart, that fails of perfect attainment.

It is a thoroughly good little book, which it is a pleasure to recommend.

E. W. L.

THE COMPLETE PLAYS OF ROBERT GREENE.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Thomas H. Dickinson. London: T. Fisher Unwin. "The Mermaid" Series. 2s. 6d. net.

To judge Elizabethan playwrights by the standard of the modern Christian Endeavour movement is to be guilty of moral anachronism. In the opinion of some critics, Robert Greene was a malignant defamer of worthy reputations, a man destitute of honour and ill-deserving of literary remembrance. Mr. Ingram, for example, in his book on Marlowe, has little but contempt for the unfortunate man whose "repentances" were such a revelation of the life and manners of the "university wits" and their gay associates. We may admit that Greene was not exactly a saint, and that his penitent outpourings savour somewhat of literary "shop," but this should not hinder a whole-hearted recognition of his lyrical gift and of his place among the pioneers of dramatic reform. To a sane conception of his work as a playwright, Mr. T. H. Dickinson's introduction to the "Mermaid" edition of Greene's dramatic works will help us greatly. The authorship and chronology of the plays are treated in an admirable critical temper, and some attempt is made to give a balanced judgment on the vexed question of Greene's personality. We need to remember that

* Tennyson's "Idylls of the King": Six Studies by Arthur W. Fox, M.A. Sunday School Association. 1s. net.

Greene was among the first to combine in one play comic and tragic elements, that he helped in democratising English drama, and that he introduced a note of realism which sounded sweet and fresh through the somewhat voluptuous strains of an enervating classicism. His country life is vitalising, and his portraiture of chaste maidenhood a most astounding comment on the reputed debauchery of his own life. Sweet Margaret of Fressingfield, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, in her own right, redeems Greene from the limbo of critical malice and indifference. Certain it is that a study of Greene's dramatic works is essential to the deeper understanding of Shakespeare's pre-eminence. And in what daintier edition can we pursue our studies than that provided for us in the "Mermaid" Series by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin!

THE PLACE OF ANIMALS IN HUMAN THOUGHT. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

It may at once be said of the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco's latest book that it makes its appeal, not only to those who are lovers of animals in the ordinary sense of the word, but to those who have cultivated the habit of studying the laws of cause and effect, for the purpose of solving some of the great mysteries which have perplexed mankind since the beginnings of time. This is proved at the outset by a remarkable chapter on metempsychosis, or "soul-wandering," in which we are taken back to the very foundation of Aryan beliefs, expressed in the Vedas and Upanishads, but perhaps made more familiar to the Western mind by the writings of Plato. This chapter introduces us to a world of wonder and delight, in which everything is eternally old and eternally new, and it will be strange if, after rambling through its enchanted gardens, and communing with Jainas and Buddhists who practise "the religion of truth," the reader can ever again think of such places as Leadenhall Market without wishing that the doctrine of *Ahimsa* (or "non-killing") could be irresistibly brought home to the hearts of dwellers in the Occident with the tender force which has endeared it to millions of Asiatics "for about twenty-four centuries."

The disposition of mankind to be friendly with the brute creation, and to recognise that all living things are animated, in a greater or less degree, by the same *giva* (life or soul) as ourselves is, the author of this delightful book insists, one of the earliest and most fundamental instincts of humanity. It may be suppressed for centuries; it may give place to such a hideous passion for slaughter as that which made it possible for patricians in ancient Rome to find "pleasure" (!) in the butchery of 5,000 wild beasts and 6,000 tame ones "at the inauguration of the Colosseum." It may be denied by a Descartes (who thought that our dumb friends were "automata," worked by "springs" like a mechanical Nuremberg toy), or banned by an ecclesiastical censor when it finds its way into the writings of the otherwise orthodox Jesuit. Nevertheless, in all ages, and among all races, it has survived every form of barbarism, like the yearning for immor-

talities—a statement which the briefest excursion into the realms of folk-lore will prove. Nor is the subtle sympathy between man and animals, to which the English officer at Delhi testified when he lifted and put aside the worms in his path no less than the gentle Plutarch, when he tried to soften the hearts of the young Romans of his time towards the living creatures whom they ill-treated so callously, to be regarded any longer as the outcome of mere childish or primitive fancy. Science, which makes all the imaginings of men come true, if we wait long enough, now tells us that even the plants have “mind” and “intelligence”; and there are probably few thoughtful people in these days who do not think that the actions of animals, even as those of human beings, are prompted by thought and reason, not always of a merely embryonic order!

Although the Countess Cesarsco launches her readers on boundless seas of speculation, sometimes almost losing the thread of her subject in long, but fascinating, digressions on the religions of the East, she has crammed her pages with charming “beast-stories,” which are none the less attractive because they nearly all go to prove that virtues, and not vices, reign supreme in the animal kingdom! Her vindication of the man-eating tiger is a triumph of special pleading; and there is something at once humorous and plausible in her Lombroso-like suggestion that this terror of the remote Indian village is really “a degenerate,” and “not responsible for his actions.” The snake, too, although it has been associated for so many centuries (quite unjustly, as the Higher Criticism assures us!) with evil, is generously treated by this “friend of the creature.” Perhaps she has a lurking belief that it is, after all, an *Itongo*, or ghost. She characteristically describes how, in the midst of writing down some naïve stories about St. Francis of Assisi from the *Fioretti* and *Legenda Aurea*, she had to stop and prevent a kitten from annoying “a rather large snake.” Having seen what was going on from the window, she went out, induced the kitten to abandon its quarry, and conveyed the snake to a safe place under the myrtles. “This done,” she says, with an air of relief, “I resume my pen.” “Teaching humanity to animals,” she remarks in another part of the book, “must always imply the teaching of humanity to men,” but she realises that very often it is the animals themselves who set mankind the lesson of sympathy to those in sorrow, and of devotion to duty, as numerous anecdotes amply testify; and Baba Nanak, the founder of the religion of the Sikhs of the Punjab, was not far wrong when he wrote:—

The faithful watch-dog that does all he can,

Is better far than the unprayerful man.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION. By W. St. Clair Tisdall, D.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1s.

This little volume is a contribution to a series of Anglican Church Handbooks at present being issued under the editorship of Dr. Griffith Thomas, Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford. It is an apologetic, having for its object the establishment

of the unique character of Christianity as a Divine Revelation, by a comparison with the various other forms of religion that have appeared in the world.

The author's view is that all other systems of religion are to be regarded as preparations for the one absolute Revelation of God in Christ, that they all are imperfect and bear witness to a universal need of humanity that finds its satisfaction only in Christianity. He argues that Christianity springs from a different source from all other religions; though, again, he concedes that heathen philosophers and poets possessed a certain degree of inspiration, enabling them to “evolve certain truths of great value to the race.” The import of this latter fact is, however, largely ignored, and the author's attempt is really to make Christianity shine by contrast with everything else bearing the name of religion. One would have liked some definition of the terms so constantly employed, “revelation,” “incarnation,” &c., and some more definite conception of what the term “Christianity” is intended to cover, should have been given. The author's method seems to consist mainly in choosing all the good elements in connection with the one religious development, and all the bad in connection with the others, and so making out a case for a supernatural origin of the former. Thus he inveighs against the practice of human sacrifices as contaminating “all religions except the Christian” (which by the way is an absolutely false statement), and ignores the persecutions and the bloodshed that have been perpetrated in the name of Christianity itself.

Another assumption on which he builds in making out his argument is the old one that, “left to himself, man has always failed to find out God.” But when has man been left to himself? And whose fault is it if he has? The attempt to discredit the operation of the natural human faculties, and from their failure to deduce the need of a “Revelation,” means philosophic Agnosticism, and it is time the apologist learnt that this kind of argument cannot possibly have the slightest weight except perhaps among the small circle of philosophic agnostics, if they ever are brought to study such arguments, which is highly doubtful.

Dr. Tisdall writes from a point of view which thinking men and women are fast leaving behind. The convinced will read his little book with pleasure. The rest will probably turn over a few pages and, finding there a theory that to them no longer is vital, will put it aside.

LITERARY NOTES.

The important book which Father Tyrrell had just completed at the time of his death, “Christianity at the Cross-Roads,” will be published, we understand, very shortly under the supervision of his literary executors.

A collection of George Meredith's letters is to be edited by Lord Morley. Mr. W. M. Meredith will be very grateful to any one possessing letters who will forward them

to him at 10, Orange-street, Leicester-square, W.C. They will be carefully copied and returned.

Among the biographies promised for the coming season, few will have greater interest than “A Memoir of the Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky,” by Mrs. Lecky, announced by Messrs. Longmans. It will consist largely of letters, and will contain interesting reminiscences of Carlyle and Froude.

Wordsworth has reached the dignity of a concordance. It has been prepared by forty collaborators under the guidance of Professor Lane Cooper, of Cornell University, and contains 200,000 entries. We confess that the prospect does not rouse us to enthusiasm. Industrious scholarship might, we think, be more usefully employed.

“Sketches and Snapshots” is the title of a new volume of collected essays, mainly contributions to the *Manchester Guardian*, by Mr. G. W. E. Russell. He is also engaged on a “Memoir of Sir Wilfrid Lawson,” which should be full of excellent entertainment and good stories as well as of more serious interests. Both volumes will be published shortly by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

It is good news that a volume of poems by Mr. William Watson may be expected in the autumn. It will be called “Later Poems,” and will be published by Mr. John Lane.

Mr. Lane also announces for early publication the “Life of W. J. Fox, Public Teacher and Social Reformer, 1786-1864.” The book was begun by the late Dr. Richard Garnett, and has been completed by Mr. Edward Garnett.

Another announcement by the same publisher not lacking in piquancy is a volume on “George Bernard Shaw,” by G. K. Chesterton. It will be uniform in form, &c., with his book on “Heretics.”

Messrs. Longman's announce a new work by Professor William Jones. It is a sequel to “Pragmatism,” and will be called “The Nature of Truth.”

Readers of the deeply human pages of the “Autobiography of a Super-Tramp,” will look forward to a new book by Mr. W. H. Davies. “Papers on Beggars and Begging,” is nearly ready for publication by Messrs. Duckworth. It relates to experiences in England and the United States.

Some of the freshest contemporary criticism is concerned with the drama, and we seem to be on the eve of a very interesting dramatic revival. The “English Review” for August contains an article by Mr. C. E. Montague on “The Wholesome Play,” to which we are glad to call attention. The same number also contains an important article on “The Persian Crisis, Rebirth or Death,” by Professor E. G. Browne.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEN & Co.:—"Solution of the Universe's Riddle." Jacques Cohen. 1s.

T. FISHER UNWIN:—"Sir Randal Cremer: His Life and Work." Howard Evans. 5s.

CENTRAL BUREAU FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN:—"The Fingerpost." A Guide to the Professions and Occupations of Educated Women. 1s., post free 1s. 3d.

THE PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE:—"Arts and Individualism." Henry Holiday. "Primitive Christianity, and Modern Socialism." Rev. R. J. Campbell. "The Social Meaning of the New Theology." Dr. F. W. G. Foat. 1d. each.

Harvard Theological Review, Cornhill, Nineteenth Century, Contemporary.

MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

MEETINGS AT ROCHDALE.

The preparations for the autumnal meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association at Rochdale, on October 1, 2 and 3, are now well advanced, and much local enthusiasm has already been generated. The president, the treasurer, the secretary, and the missionary agent of the Association will attend and will be accompanied by Mr. H. G. Chancellor, Mr. H. B. Lawford, Mr. R. M. Montgomery, and the Rev. C. J. Street, members of the committee, the Rev. Henry Gow, a member of the Council, and the Rev. H. Enfield Dowson, president of the National Conference and a former president of the Association. The proceedings will comprise a religious service, conferences on missionary and social work, a public meeting, and special services in several churches in the district on the Sunday following the meetings.

MEETINGS IN IRELAND.

On Sunday, October 24, and the two following days a series of services and meetings will be held at Belfast and other places in the North of Ireland, attended by the president and officers of the Association, several members of the committee, of council, and other ministers and laymen. Although the preparations are less advanced than at Rochdale, already there is every prospect of large attendances, and the Association is assured of a fine Irish welcome. On both occasions the Sunday School Association will be represented by its president, hon. secretary, and members of committee.

THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

THE reports for the week show that there have been fine meetings in Scotland and Wales, and very much smaller attendances at the English vans. Everywhere the effects of the exceptionally bad weather have been felt, and meetings have been abandoned in the London and Midland districts. On other evenings, even when the weather has happened to be fine for an hour or two, the ground has been, as a rule, scarcely fit to stand on.

The Swansea meetings were concluded on Wednesday, and were characterised by much strong feeling both for and against the Mission. There can be little doubt, however, that they have done good, and led many people to a new and better notion of Unitarianism. The next visit was paid to Port Talbot, where last season there were one or two huge gatherings, the attendance one night reaching 3,000. This time the meetings began with 250, the numbers gradually increasing until, on Sunday, there were 700. The missionary was Rev. R. P.

Farley, and the reports show that his work was highly appreciated.

In the London district the Rev. W. R. Shanks entered on his second week as missionary, and held further meetings at Hendon, where he was greatly interrupted by a Welsh evangelist, who preferred creating a disturbance to availing himself of the opportunity for questions, which is always offered on week evenings: a fact, the knowledge of which is usually sufficient to ensure a speaker a fair hearing. On the Wednesday night there was evidently organised opposition, and the chairman, Rev. C. Roper, had to appeal for a fair hearing for the missionary. The mission met with better conditions at Finchley, Church End, where an interesting series of gatherings was held, with an altogether satisfactory hearing given to Mr. Shanks. The attendance of friends from the Highgate Church, too, was a pleasant feature; and the presence of Mr. Chancellor in the chair was very welcome. The support of Kilburn friends during the last week or two, and now the interest of Highgate, it is hoped are indicative of the help which the mission may look for now that it is coming into the nearer neighbourhood of some of our congregations.

The Midland van had much smaller meetings at Coalville than last year, but it is believed that the work was not less effective, and the attitude of the people was entirely sympathetic. Rev. Kenneth Bond acted as missionary. The van came next to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where, although no Unitarian church exists, it was possible to have Unitarians presiding at two of the meetings. Mrs. Blues preaches at Coalville and elsewhere occasionally, and Mr. C. H. Parsons is the leader of a flourishing adult school in the town. The opening meetings were conducted by Rev. Clark Lewis, and a very satisfactory hearing was accorded the speakers.

DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

The figures for the Scotch meetings were omitted last week through an oversight, though they were included in the totals then published. The details were as follows:—Skinflats, July 19 to 22 four meetings, attendance 570; Bamford Bridge, July 23, 350; Stirling, July 24, 600; Grangemouth, July 25, afternoon 400, evening Falkirk, 600.

LONDON DISTRICT.—Hendon, July 26 to 28, two meetings, attendance 650; Finchley, July 29 to August 1, four meetings, attendance 800.

MIDLANDS.—Coalville, July 26 to 28, two meetings, attendance 340; Ashby-de-la-Zouch, July 29 to August 1, four meetings, attendance 560.

WALES.—Swansea, July 26 to 28, three meetings, attendance 1,720; Port Talbot, July 29 to August 1, four meetings, attendance 2,050.

SCOTLAND.—Stirling, July 26 to 31, seven meetings, attendance 3,450; Grangemouth, August 1, afternoon 130, Falkirk evening, 500.

TOTALS.—July 26 to August 1, twenty-eight meetings, attendance 10,200; average, 364.

Inquiries, &c., to Rev. Thos. P. Spedding, Clovercroft, Buckingham-road, Heaton Chapel, near Stockport.

The following appeal for funds to help the work of the Van Mission has been issued by Mr. Spedding:—

DEAR SIR OR MADAM.—I have pleasure in enclosing some particulars of the work of the Van Mission, and in respectfully inviting your attention to the urgent appeal for contributions to enable the programme for the present summer season to be carried through.

Four vans have been at work since the middle of May—one in the neighbourhood of London, another in the district between Birmingham and Manchester, a third in the south-east of Scotland, and a fourth in South Wales. Owing to the prevalent wet weather the attendances have so far been lower than last year, but in all other respects the work has been quite as satisfactory, while the attendances, despite these conditions, have exceeded those of 1907.

The Van Mission has succeeded in disabusing the minds of large numbers of people of the old prejudices against Unitarianism, and it has stimulated the life of many of our own churches and schools.

It is a practical missionary effort. It has met with general approval throughout our religious community both at home and abroad; it has shown that there is a ready hearing for the preachers of an affirmative and reverent free faith; it has drawn wide attention to Unitarian-

ism at a time when multitudes of people are failing to respond to orthodox teaching; and statistics prove that it is one of the most economical and effective methods of bringing our faith before the people.

It is of importance that the work should be maintained, and it is now urgently requested that all who sympathise with this effort will contribute to its funds, and that this appeal may receive your personal and sympathetic consideration.

Contributions may be forwarded to the Treasurer of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Howard Chatfield Clarke, Esq., at Essex Hall, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C., or to yours truly.

THOS. P. SPEDDING,
Missionary Agent.

§ The leaflets enclosed include an illustrated souvenir of the Unitarian Van Mission, and a summary of the extent and progress of the work, which closes in these words:—

£1,000 WANTED.—The cost of the Mission is about a thousand pounds a year. This sum covers all salaries (including those of the four lay missionaries, one of whom assists the Missionary Agent during the winter), all road expenses, cost of literature, &c.

The cost of the Mission, if divided by the total attendance, will be found to amount to a fraction over a penny per head of those attending the meetings.

The Mission, from this point of view, is one of the most economical agencies which our churches possess.

WILL YOU HELP?—Funds are urgently needed to enable the present season's programme to be carried through without curtailment, and it is earnestly requested that you will help the Mission to carry the message of a free and reverent faith to the people.

SCOTTISH VAN.

The Rev. E. T. Russell reports:—"We are still at Stirling, having good meetings and causing a fair amount of excitement. Here everybody is supposed to be orthodox, and if a man is not orthodox he runs the risk of being passed by as of an inferior type to his fellows. Yet we are having large attendances, and many people seem interested in our doctrines. Many questioners try to display their ability, but they are not very successful. On Saturday I had two meetings, one at 4 o'clock, the other at 8. I have never before tried a Saturday afternoon meeting, and felt a little diffident, but I was quite satisfied as more than 300 people were present all the time I was speaking. Immediately I had finished an evangelist stepped into the ring and began preaching the wrath of God, but the people soon dispersed. In the evening I had a monster meeting.

On Sunday I had three meetings as usual—in the morning in the Universalist Church, in the afternoon at Grangemouth, and in the evening at Falkirk.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

Biddulph.—Few villages have passed through a greater transformation than the hitherto sleepy village of Biddulph. Nestling, as it does, between the historic hill known as Mow Cop on the one side, and Biddulph Moor on the other, it has seemed secure from the great whirl of political, social, and theological activity which has surged outside its borders. Its religious life and theological expression have been for years of the strictest orthodox type, with scarcely anyone entering in to cause a ripple upon the complacent life of the various churches. Truly the dead hand of spent theology reigned, but this hitherto slumbering village has received a great awakening. Closed eyes have been opened and new visions are now seen. A storm has burst like a "bolt from the blue." True, the distant thunder was heard when, two years ago, a few young men felt that they could no longer express their religious experience in terms of orthodoxy,

but nothing of great moment happened until last May, when the storm burst forth with the entrance of the Rev. Fred. Hall, the blind Unitarian minister of Congleton. He came to the village a stranger, but the bringer of good tidings to many. He secured the Liberal Club for Sunday afternoon services. The first service was well attended, and in due course a church committee was formed, and an evening service organised. Sunday by Sunday Mr. Hall has preached in the afternoons with great acceptance, and by his commanding personality, his robust, well-informed mind, he has struck a blow for freedom. The most remarkable week in the history of Biddulph, within the writer's memory, was the week commencing July 25, when Mr. Hall conducted a week's open-air mission. Standing in the centre of the village, he has boldly proclaimed the principles of Liberal theology and by his lucid expositions and force of character has proved himself an intellectual and moral force. The audiences ranged between 400 and 650. The missionary vanquished opponents with ease, but every honest question received a clear and helpful answer. Some were angry through inability to refute his convincing arguments, others were awed into silence, while a greater number, chiefly men, were won to truth and progress, and the large number of young men who formed the major part of the congregation which filled the Liberal Club last Sunday (in spite of continuous rain) proved the value of the mission. Great has been the intellectual emancipation and moral uplifting which we have experienced, and the writer can tell of many lives and homes transformed as the result of Rev. Fred. Hall's labours in Biddulph. If amid our rejoicing I may be permitted to sound a note of sadness, it is this—whilst we are a happy, emancipated, growing family, we are only on sufferance in our present premises, for which we pay a high rent, and certainly there is now a cause sufficiently advanced to justify steps being taken to help us to secure a home of our own.

Bury St. Edmunds.—On the occasion of the first anniversary of the reopening of Churchgate-street Chapel, the evening service on Sunday, July 25, was conducted by the Rev. Prof. G. Dawes Hicks, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D. His profoundly interesting and inspiring sermon was greatly appreciated.

Deal.—The annual flower service was held on Sunday evening, August 1. The Boys' Own Brigade from London, which is in camp here, attended, their chaplain, Rev. Gordon Cooper, taking part of the service. The church was filled for the first time within several years, additional seats having to be brought from the adjoining institute to fill up available spaces.

Guildford.—Revs. W. Copeland Bowie, Prof. G. Dawes Hicks, M.A., Ph.D., Messrs. O. A. Shrubsole (Reading), and W. Howell (Guildford) have kindly expressed their willingness to be nominated as trustees of the Ward-street Church. The Guildford members attended Mead-row Chapel Anniversary services and on Wednesday of last week the united outing (Guildford and Godalming) was held at Summersbury by kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Ellis.

Highgate.—The report of the church, of which the Rev. A. A. Charlesworth is minister, is a record of earnest religious work. The committee speak of a unanimous feeling of heartfelt satisfaction with the services. "The attendance at the church services has been fully maintained, and the constant presence of visitors is a sign of an interest in the church and its work, which is not without its significance." From the minister's letter the following passage may be quoted as of more than local interest:—"What interests me most is the future. So far as I personally am concerned it may be uncertain enough, but so far as the cause we are united in serving goes 'the best is yet to be.' Of that I am confident. Modernism in the Roman Catholic Church, in the Anglican, in the Congregationalist is essentially our position. That is a splendid testimony to the lonely witness bravely and quietly borne through many years by our churches. And it speaks of hope. The point of view is bound to spread to an ever increasing number. And in this case, the point of view is nothing apart from the actual life in which it is embodied. Consequently we look for a finer insight and a deepened enthusiasm. Will our churches in-

crease in the numbers attending the services and becoming subscribing members? That is a different matter, and forecast is precarious. It seems to me to depend on a variety of conditions. I mention one or two. First, whether we have a clear positive message which actually inspires us, and is uttered with conviction, a veritable gospel of good news for our day, with its peculiar and searching problems. Second, whether our gospel does really speak through lives of noble purpose and unselfish spirit, passionately devoted to the welfare of the community, bringing a new temper, as determined as it is gracious, into social and political affairs. To be a Unitarian, in the best sense, will necessarily involve being a good citizen. Thirdly, our services probably need to be much improved. A primary desideratum is a new liturgy which will not be a tame, and more or less maimed edition of the old, with theological alterations which are themselves out of date, but will arise out of the growing and deepening sense of the immanence of God. Not yet perhaps have we the depth of common experience out of which awe, reverence, trust, and love can create the living forms and the significant symbols of a revived, joyous, even exultant faith. Till then our appeal will only be of moderate attractiveness to the ordinary man with his profoundly emotional longings. We want, too, an element not so difficult, although by no means universally easy to supply, services more finely musical; and personally I doubt whether that is possible anywhere, save in most exceptional cases, without having paid members in a choir. I never felt more hopeful that we have the spirit among us equal to the new needs, and ready to answer to the modern call than at the meetings of the recent Conference. The thrill of those experiences remains; the uplift of many an utterance of strenuous faith is still felt. And I trust that at Highgate we may realise some of the larger possibilities. I make no prophecy. I indulge no dream. I hope."

Liverpool: Ullet-road.—For the Sunday evenings in August Rev. T. Collins Odgers announces a course of sermons on "Leaders in Religion." The plan is adopted of a short Sunday-school holiday for three Sundays, which may be found a useful hint elsewhere at a time when the proper staffing of the school is a matter of exceptional difficulty. There is something also to be said for it from the scholar's point of view.

London: Essex Church.—Services will be suspended from August 8 to 29 inclusive, owing to organ cleaning and repairs. The attractive calendar for August contains portraits of Tennyson, born August 6, 1809, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, born August 29, 1809.

London: Islington.—The Sunday School Flower Show, was held in Unity Church school-room on Friday, July 23, when more plants than ever before were on exhibition. The Rev. E. Savell Hicks presided, Miss Annie Hall gave an admirable address, and the prizes were distributed by Mrs. Herz, herself a former member of the school. Several part songs were rendered with much spirit by the school choir, conducted by Miss Harris, and the infants contributed one item of the programme. There was a good attendance, although heavy rain fell early in the evening. The summer excursion of the Sunday School took place on Tuesday, July 13, to Hadley Woods, when 115 children and adults travelled to High Barnet by tram from the church doors, and returned in the same way. Fortunately, the weather proved favourable, and the whole party thoroughly enjoyed the day spent in the sunshine.

Manchester: Broughton.—At the end of August the Rev. H. D. Dawtreay, B.A., will have completed the three years' ministry which he was asked to undertake by the District Association. In a word of farewell he speaks in warm terms of the encouragement and sympathy he has received, and of the happiness of the work. Mr. Dawtreay represented the Provincial Assembly of the Lancashire and Cheshire Churches at the Peace Congress held at Cardiff at the end of June.

Newark Free Christian Church.—On Sunday July 25, 1909, a very interesting ceremony took place at the Free Christian Church, Newark, the occasion being the unveiling of a handsome memorial tablet to the late Mr. and Mrs. Castle, who were among the founders of the Unitarian cause in Newark in 1862. The service was

conducted in a very impressive manner by the Rev. Arthur Leslie Smith, B.A., of Belper. Several of the Castle family were present. Previous to the sermon, Mr. Alderman Saunders, in a brief address, gave a few interesting particulars of the events leading up to the founding of Unitarianism in Newark in 1862. Mr. John Castle was one who, at this early date, took his share in the work by conducting services. It was at the suggestion of Mr. Castle that the present building, known as the Free Christian church, was built in 1884, a large part of the necessary funds being raised upon mortgage, which, however, was entirely paid off a few years ago, so that the church is now, happily, entirely free from debt. The present building stands in front of the old chapel (built in 1863), which is now used as a school. The tablet is of gun-metal upon a black marble slab, and is affixed to the inside wall of the church, near to the chancel, and bears the following inscription:—"In memory of John Castle, who died Jan. 21, 1885, aged 66 years, and of Elizabeth, his wife, who died July 21, 1904, aged 85 years, who were of the early founders of the Newark Unitarian Church, in 1862. This tablet was erected by their children."

The Northumberland and Durham Unitarian Christian Association held its second annual summer festival at Barnard Castle on Bank Holiday. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the various churches were well represented. After tea, which was served by the local committee in the Victoria Hall, a short meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. Alfred Hall, M.A. In the course of his remarks he touched upon the encouraging prospect of our missionary enterprise at Ferryhill. The other ministers spoke in turn, and solos were rendered by Madam Armitage and Mrs. Robson.

Rochdale.—The arrangements for the British and Foreign Unitarian Association meetings on October 1, 2 and 3 are well in hand. Various sub-committees have been appointed, and they have already got to work.

Wellington: New Zealand.—The June Calendar of the Unitarian Free Church, of which Dr. Tudor Jones is minister, shows that the congregation is full of vigorous life. A conversation, attended by 300 people, was held on May 20 to celebrate the opening of the new church. For the Sunday mornings of the month a series of four addresses is announced on "What Constituted the Power and Uniqueness of the Inner Life of Jesus," and for the evening service another series on "The Connections of Mind and Body and their Influence on Life." Among the institutions one of the most interesting is the Philosophy Class, which meets on Wednesday evenings with a membership of 150. It is a remarkable sign of the strong intellectual vitality of the church.

Yorkshire Unitarian Union.—At a meeting of the General Committee held on Tuesday last, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That this meeting of the General Committee expresses its warm appreciation of the work which has been done by the Rev. John Ellis during the past five years as district minister, and deeply regrets that the force of circumstances has made it impossible for this work to be carried on in the same way for a much longer period; and, cordially congratulating him on his appointment as minister of the Stratford and Forest Gate congregations, wishes for him a prosperous and effective ministry in the new sphere of labour to which he is going."

Kidderminster.—The very gratifying announcement was made by the Rev. C. D. Badland on Sunday, August 1, that the new hall, erected in 1907, and opened by Lady Durning-Lawrence on October 9 of that year, was now free from debt, the announcement being received with much satisfaction by all present at the services. The cost of erecting the hall, including the purchase of the site, has been about £1,700. At the time of the opening of the hall a sum of about £170 still remained to be found. To stimulate the committee to a final effort, the Rev. C. D. Badland some months ago made the generous offer to give ten shillings to every pound received from outside friends. Another appeal was made to friends outside Kidderminster, and this, meeting with a good response, and aided by the exertions of the Rev. C. D. Badland and the Misses Badland, who, next to the Stooke family, have been by far the largest

subscribers, the much-to-be-desired result has been effected, and within two years of the opening the building is entirely free from debt. This is a source of much gratification to the members of the congregation, as the hall has proved to be of great service to the church and the institutions connected therewith.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

ALTHOUGH the event has attracted very little attention, says the *Westminster Gazette*, in this country, Jersey has just passed an Education Bill which seems to solve on common-sense lines the problems which bar the way of progress here. That is the more notable, inasmuch as the legislative body in Jersey is Conservative, and has upon it the clergymen of most of the parishes in the island. The new Education Bill raises the age at which children may leave school to fourteen, provides for universal undenominational religious teaching on the lines of the Cowper-Temple Clause, and further provides for the right of entry for the various denominations when the parents ask in writing that it shall be given. The teachers, who are to be appointed without any religious test, are not to be allowed to volunteer for this denominational teaching. The experiment is one which we may watch with a great deal of interest with a view to our own needs.

NEARLY every species of the bird of Paradise, the monal, the Argus pheasant, the humming bird, is being rapidly exterminated "for millinery purposes," and the sacred Trogon of the Mexicans is not sacred when fashion wants it, but is now practically extinct. This we are told by a memorandum issued by the promoters of the Bill for the Prohibition of Sale or Exchange of Plumage. It is surely time that some protection should be given to these lovely forms of life, and a restriction put upon the cruelty and selfishness of a section of thoughtless or careless women and a small trading interest. Let us remind ourselves, too, that some of the favourite plumes are the signs of the mother bird's maternity. Surely women should be able to comprehend the meaning of the destruction of the mother at the breeding season, wantonly, for the sake of a passing ornamentation of some fashionable hat.

THERE was a large attendance in response to the invitation of the National and Irish Temperance League committees to the members of the British Medical Association, at the annual temperance breakfast in connection with the Association's meeting, given on Thursday of last week in the central hall of the Municipal Technical Institute, Belfast. The Lord Mayor (Sir Robert Anderson, J.P.) presided, and the attendance included a number of the members of the Library and Technical Committee of the Corporation. The Lord Mayor, at the conclusion of the repast, extended the guests a cordial welcome, and expressed his gratification that the temperance cause was making great progress in Belfast. At the dinner of the Association on the previous

night he was astonished at the small number of people who took drink. Dr. T. N. Kelyack, honorary secretary of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, in the course of an interesting address, gave a resumé of some of the more important facts and general principles which have resulted from the deliberations of the scientific section of the International Congress on Alcoholism the previous week in London. He said: This great gathering, as the *Times* well put it, was "not a Congress of teetotalers only," for "no test of opinion has been imposed on the delegates or other members." To this conference, held under royal patronage, recognised by our home and foreign Governments, and having the support of leaders of thought and action in every realm of life's activities, there have come delegates from the ends of the earth, representatives not only of Britain beyond the seas, but of the two Americas, and almost every civilised country. This cosmopolitan assembly has testified to the world-wide prevalence of the alcohol problem, and has demonstrated the existence of a need everywhere for serious scientific study and the application of practical and rational efforts to arrest the advance of an almost universal influence making for ruin and decay.

PROFESSOR CROWTHERS, of America, said, that as temperance men they were reformers rising out of their dead past, throwing off the customs and habits of barbarism. In the United States they recognised that alcohol was a narcotic—a quieting medicine—that covered up the pain centres, and even for that it was seductive. The man in alcohol found perfect relief from his weariness, and by and by he was dependent upon it, and was as ruined as if he had taken arsenic. It crushed out his brain signals that warned him of danger, and the result was destruction—worse than destruction, because the effects were carried on to the next generation. Dr. H. Norman Barnett referred to the importance of the connection of the medical profession with the temperance cause, which latter had formerly been looked upon as a fad.

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